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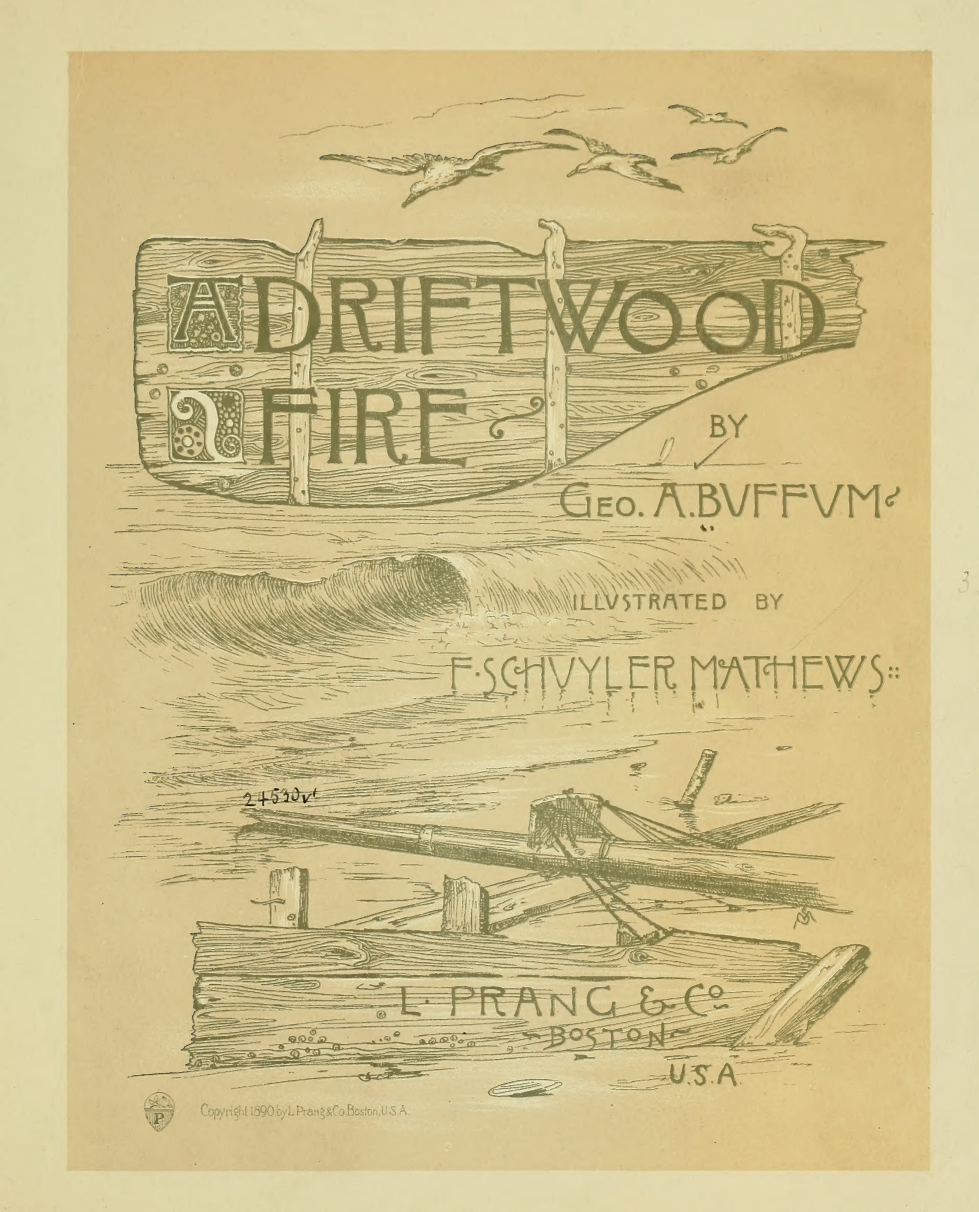

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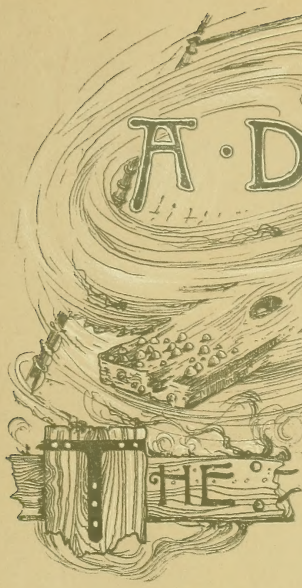
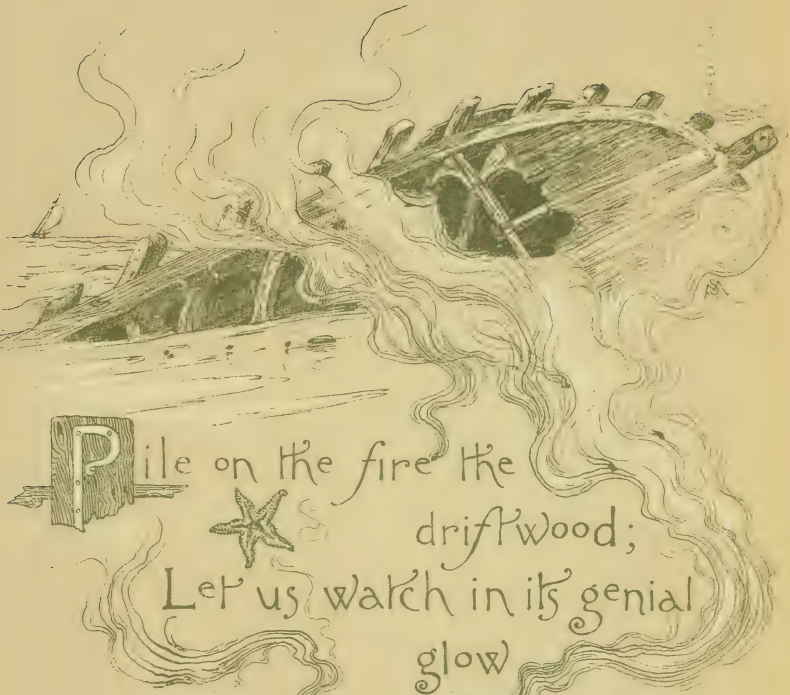
"THE WAVES OF THE SEA MAKE MOAN"

A DRIFTWOOD FIRE



THE tempest outside is raging,
And the waves of the sea make moan.
From the wreck on the South-east beaches
Comes at times a muffled groan.

"ITS TINTED FLAMES"

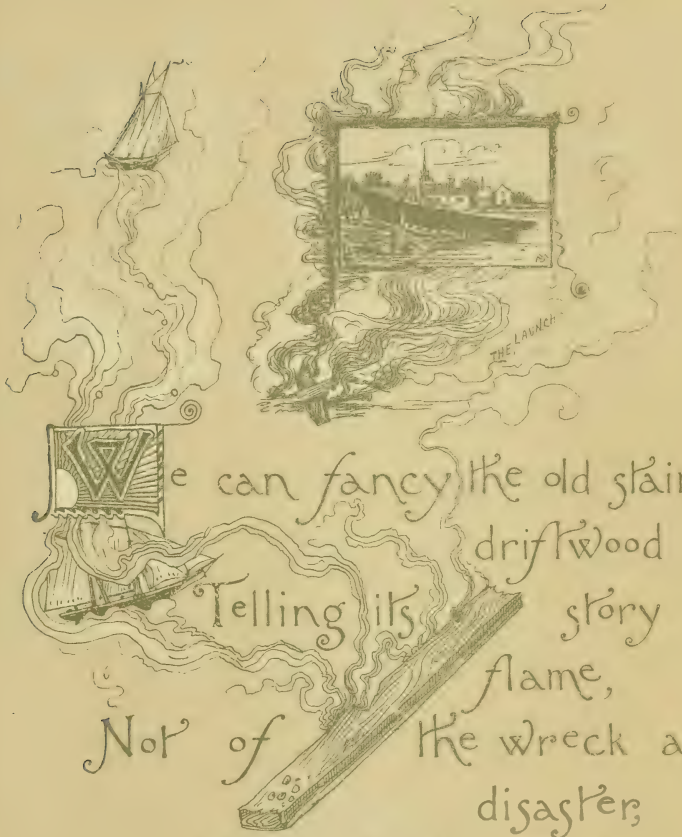


Pile on the fire the driftwood;
Let us watch in its genial glow
Its tinted flames spring upward,
And their colors come and go.

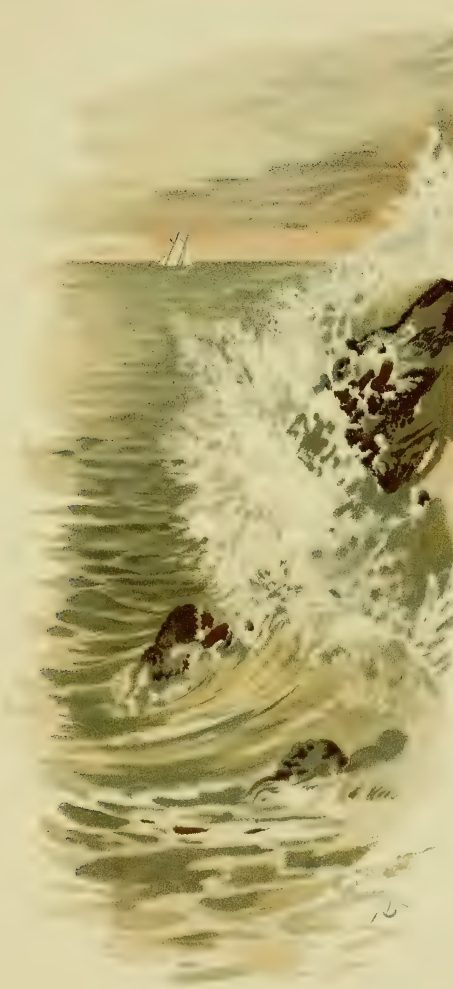
"THE FLASHES OF NORTHERN LIGHTS"

Greenish-blue, orange and purple,
Mingle in upward flights,
Like the rainbow flush of the tropics,
Or the flashes of Northern lights.

" NOT OF THE
WRECK AND DISASTER "

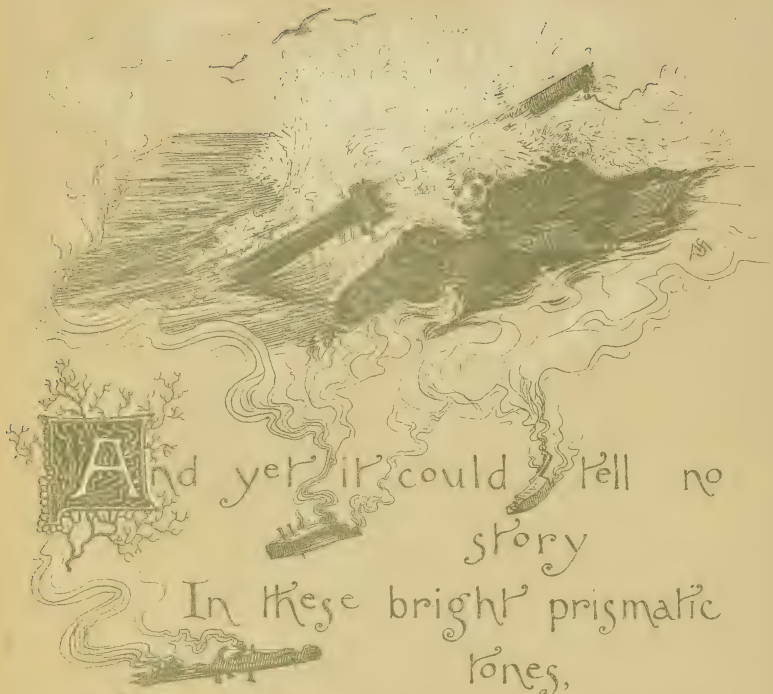


We can fancy the old stained
driftwood
Telling its story in
flame,
Not of the wreck and
disaster;
Not of its weakness
and shame;



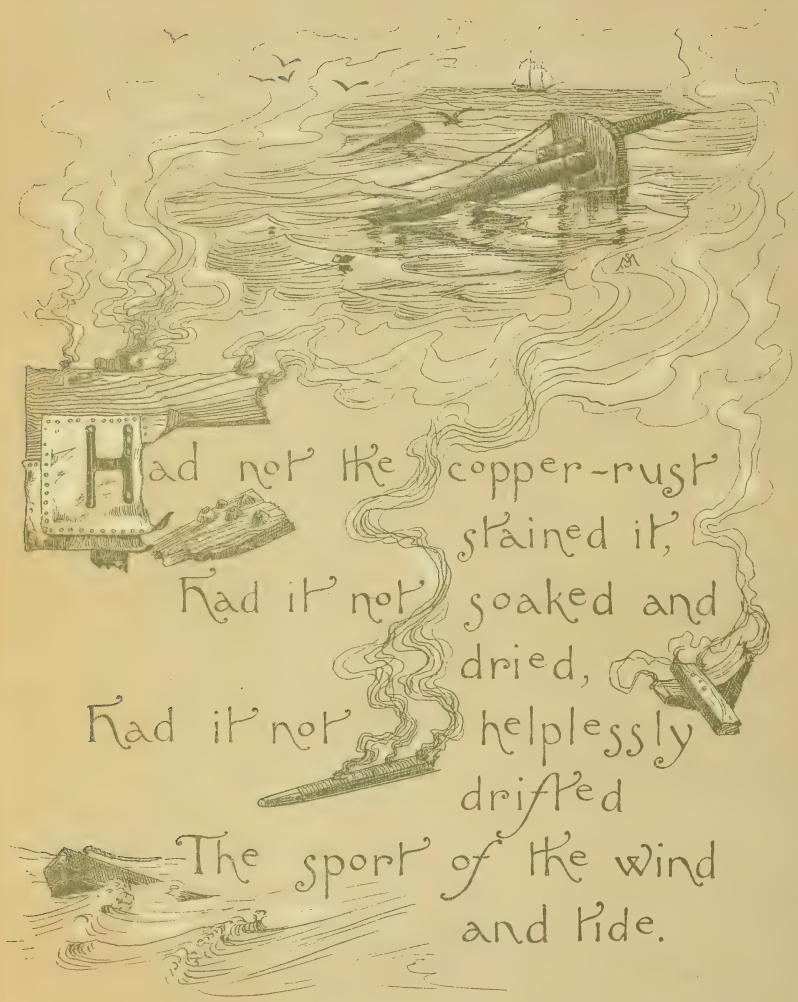
But the tale of
its joyous
launching,
Of its racing the
billows o'er,
Of its lusty youth
when it shouted
Defiance to
ocean's roar.

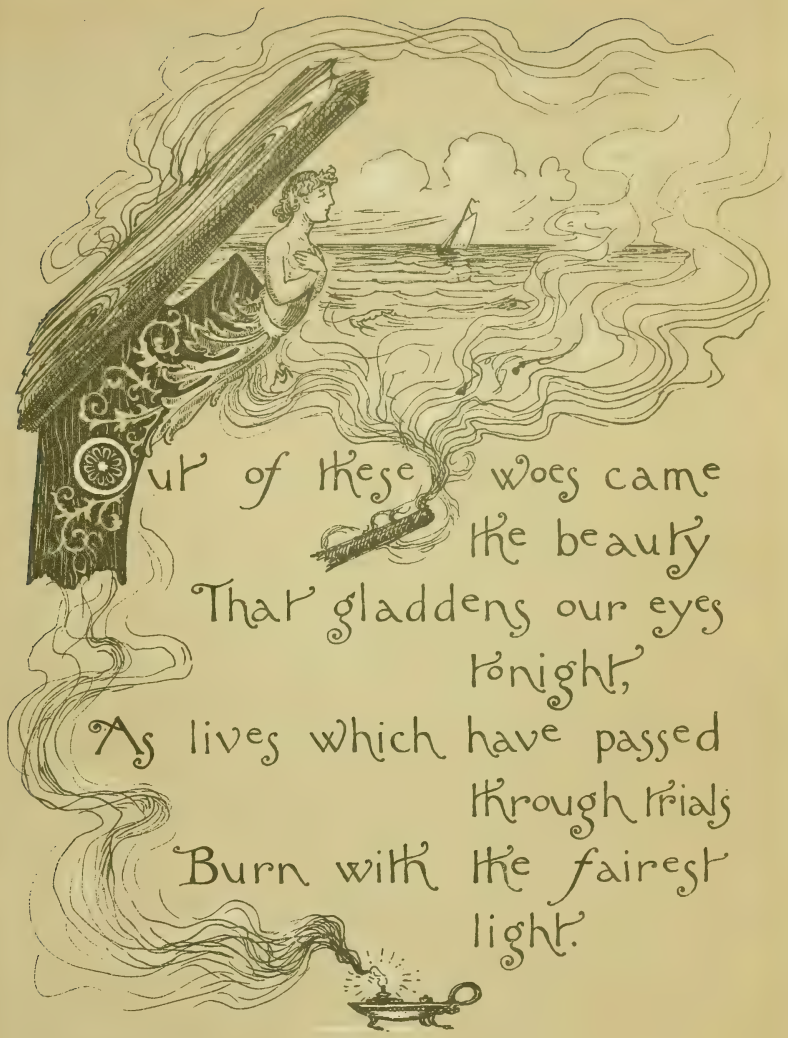
In the wave of the
tongues
of fire
We can fancy
its glory now,
The flap of the
lacking canvas,
The plunge of the
foaming prow.

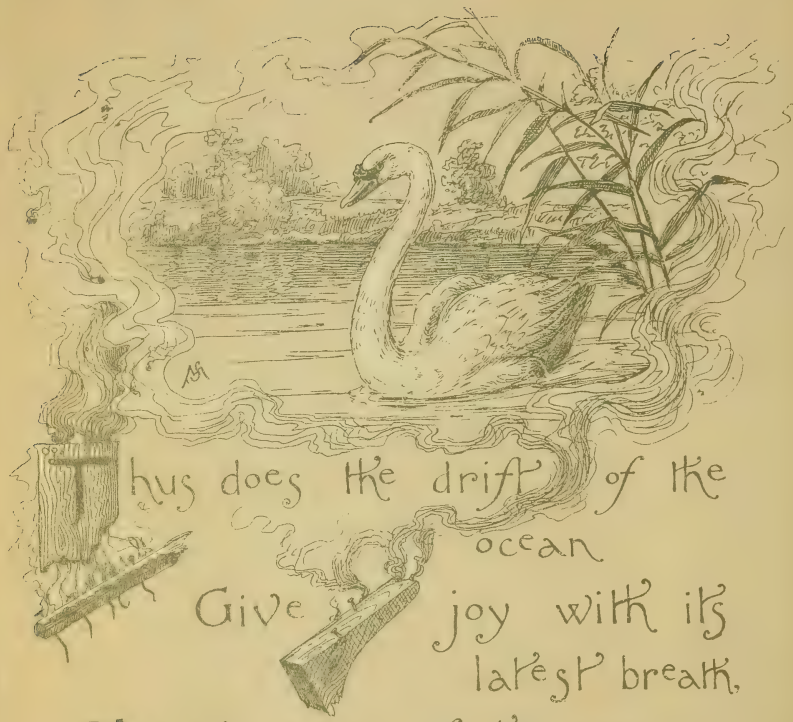


And yet it could tell no
story
In these bright prismatic
tones,
Had not the tempest crushed
it,
And the hot sun bleached
its bones.

"THE HOT SUN BLEACHED ITS BONES"

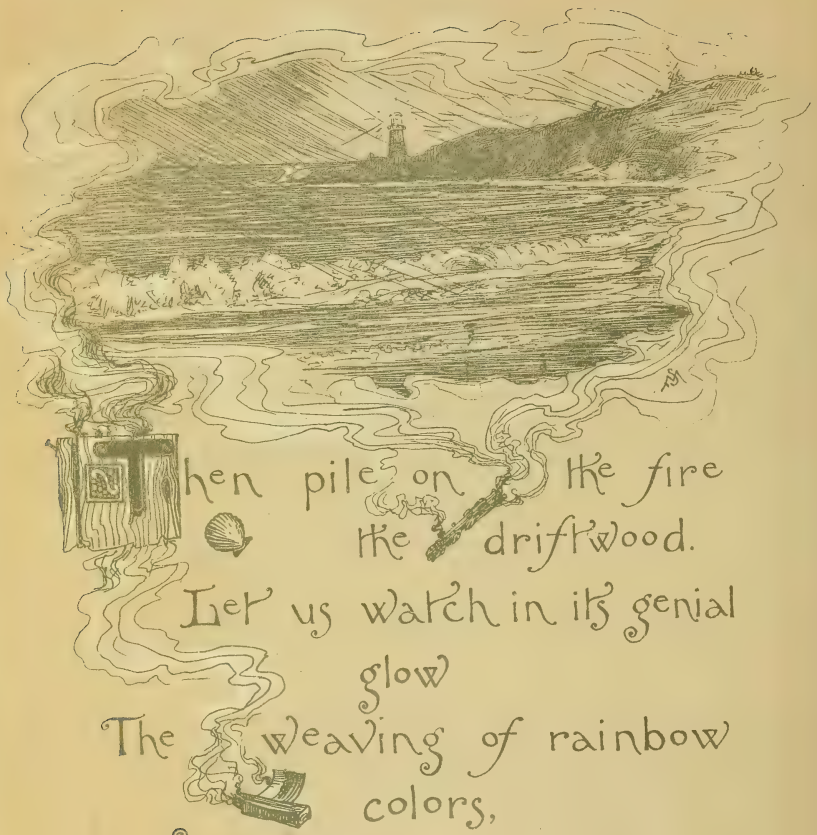

Had not the copper-rust stained it,
Had it not soaked and dried,
Had it not helplessly drifted
The sport of the wind and tide.


ut of these woes came
the beauty
That gladdens our eyes
tonight,
As lives which have passed
through trials
Burn with the fairest
light.



Thus does the drift of the ocean
Give joy with its latest breath,
As the song of the swan is sweetest
When she floateth down to death.

"JOY WITH ITS
LATEST BREATH"



Then pile on the fire
the driftwood.
Let us watch in its genial
glow
The weaving of rainbow
colors,
While the storm outside
doth blow.

Naught of the wreck and disaster
The embers remind us tonight,
Naught but of life fraught with service,
At last giving warmth and light.

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